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ILLUSTRATIONS OF A SCIENCE.

By the author of 'Love at the Shrines,' and 'Glances at Congres,' &c.

THE ANIMAL MAGNETIZER.

How the following wild and eccentric story came into my possession, is a matter of no great import. It came by the right of inheritance, among a golgotha of garret furniture, such as trunks and boxes of all sizes and of every form. On opening one of them, I was struck by a singular looking roll of paper tied up very neatly with a faded piece of brocade, and it was not long ere I found that the writing was that of a very celebrated ancestor of my family, and I set to work to decypher the outre letters, for the benefit of your readers—simply remarking that I have excluded all portions of the record, that appertain to the scientific part of animal magnetism; apprising the general reader however of the fact, that in the early days of the art, the operations were accompanied with music—this remark is relevant to the understanding the story.

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THE STORY.

It is night—the weary wind pants around my windows—the fire glows in the hearth, and every now and then, a small cloud of smoke puffs down the chimney, driven out by the blast. It is a sad night, and the world is hushed, and the deep silence is only broken by the baying of the mastiff chained with a double chain to the portal.

How mysterious and awful are these gigantic walls—those dark recesses—and that old and rusted armor hanging upon iron nails, how it fills me with ideas of the glorious past.

I am now an old man—the silver is about my head, and I am not what I used to be, when I bounded along the liveliest of all the proud ones, that have sunk away forever.

But why should I pause upon the threshhold of that which I promised you I would relate? Often and often have I put you off with promises, and now as I feel the cold shiver of old age, I think it high time to gratify your curiosity. In this brief record, you will find ample materials for wonder and admiration, and when I shall have been gathered to my fathers, read it to your children, as a singular event in the life of one of their ancestors.

It is a dreary task to go back to the days of our youth—almost sinful in age to chill the sunshine of such a memory, with his breath iced and feeble; but yet for your sake, my beloved, I will go back upon the dreary travel, and conjure up once more the emotions of my youth, and stir the smouldering cinders in my heart.

It was your mother of whom I shall speak.—Her character was gentle, pure and credulous. She had no guile, and when I wooed her, she did not shun me, but met my advances as nature prompted, which was modesty and truth to her. She was to me life—soul—divinity. I sighed for the morning, that it might bring me to her presence—for the night, that I might worship her in all that glorious impregnation of mystery incident to my country.

When I won her it was in the spring, and I remember it so well, so wonderfully well. I see again the moon and stars shining down upon the short crisp grass, and silvering every blade with a rich and fretted scabbard. I see once more the leaves trembling in the gentle breeze, the dark old trees beneath which we used to sit and count the throbbings of our hearts, one against the other. She was guileless as she was beautiful; she loved and was beloved; there was a tacit understanding between our hearts—they had met in the yearning confidence of their strength, and whispered calmly aud thoughtfully to each other, there was nothing unexplained. Truth was the sun; the several and many thoughts common between us, the stars to our little world. We moved together, but not apart from the rest—we loved the world, and had our friends—we danced and we sung and whirled along the giddy mazes of society, but we had our world—one single step and we were in it, and it was a paradise.

In those days a wild theory had been started by some of our many dreamers, and all Germany had been tortured by the cruel and hideous doctrine. Crowds followed its professors through the streets, and mystery and majesty and a dreadful awe hung upon their actions and their words.

The science was one that had never before been heard of—it broke suddenly over the heads of our learned men like a thunderbolt, and swept onward into every avenue of the public curiosity. I shared the common wonder, and in my ardent spirit, there was awakened a most painful desire to master its secrets.

In this state of mind, the city in which I lived was visited by one of these strange beings—these teachers of the dark and weird lore, and I hastened to his presence. I stood upon the threshhold of his room—he rose at my appearance. I could not move—for his eyes, large, dark and brilliant, were riveted upon me. There was a fascination in them like a snake's—so surpassingly beautiful were they. His forehead was high, white, and without the trace of a wrinkle, and his dark ringlets fell back upon his shoulders, and added to the wildness of his countenance—and yet he was gentle in every look—a languor—a softness, almost an effeminacy, which soothed the abrupt and startling effect of a first view of him. He spoke to me, and his voice was melodious as the softest music—so low—so gentle. I became acquainted with him, and found him melancholy but not morose—but he looked as we fancy the poets looks—those priests of nature. I saw him perform his magnetic wonders on multitudes, and he seemed to sway them as a god. They breathed low and softly when he spoke—their limbs quivered when his large eyes were fixed upon them, and when he moved about the room their hearts would pant like the bosom of love—by a motion of his hand he gave them life, by a glance he could palsy them into a livid and ghastly corpse. Where was the magic of this wonderful being? I watched him like an eagle, but there was ever the same subdued manner about him.—He glided across the floor like a woman in a sick chamber; he looked at you, and your very soul bounded and leaped beneath the swimming glance of the philosopher. His habits were secluded and studious. He pored over large tomes and rich-clasped books, and at times his brow would darken as if a tempest of wrath was brooding over him, and again his color would revive, as if ideas like rose leaves, had expanded in his soft and enchanted soul. I became a regular attendant at his rooms, and witnessed some strange scenes in the course of his practice.

It was a weird and ghastly occupation, that of this early magnetizer. He so calm and melancholy—the patient so pale, haggard and ghostlike; and there I have seen him stand gazing on the pallid face until the tears would rush into his eyes, and his whole frame would tremble as with an ague fit.

From a deep interest in the philosopher, I became a warm student of the philosophy. It excited and filled me with visionary thoughts, but I had never allowed myself to be magnetized.—An awful dread of putting on the semblance of death prevented me. I did not wish that man should see how I looked when I should be laid out on the final plank—for I knew they would tell Imogen, and her heart would be filled with horror. A shudder would benumb every fibre of my body at the idea of the experiment, and an indistinct shadow waved me back. But I tottered towards the trial; I longed with an eager desire which maddened me to restrain, and yet I dreaded the result. Was it the secret influence of that mysterious man, conveyed through those strange and gloomy eyes, that swayed me to and fro? I fancied that I frequently saw him gazing at me with an earnest look. At this singular period of my life, old impressions returned upon me with renewed force. One in particular, which from its horror, and from the effect it now exercised, I will relate. It stalked before me whenever I entered the magnetizer's—I heard its clanking bones—I smelt its odor of the grave.—When I was a boy some ten years old, an uncle who was a medical man, lived in my father's house, and was addicted to the relation of marvellous stories, many which have been since published. He would talk of goblins and spectres until the blood of both old and young would tingle in their veins, and he completed his conquest over my imagination. I slept in a small bed at the foot of my uncle's, and long after the family had retired, he would continue to pour into my ears his dreadful adventures. On one night in winter, we had all been shivering with the cold and my uncle's stories, that I kissed my parents and without a light went to my uncle's room. There were a few chunks burning in the hearth, sufficient to light the frightened boy to bed. I was soon undressed and stood over my little bed, and as I made the attempt to hide beneath the bed-clothes, I struck against something hard—it rattled with a hollow sound, and starting back, the ruddy light of the fire streamed full upon the spectacle. I sprung upon the floor, rushed down the stairs, and bursting into the room, shrieked, "The Skeleton! the Skeleton!" My uncle had placed this object in my bed, had laid it out with all its bones and eyeless skull and stinking skin scarce dry, to frighten me! How strong then was the impression of that object upon my mind, when after seeing others in the pallid sleep, I leave to your imaginatton.

Morbidly aroused to penetrate the science, I continued to pore over every work that touched upon the subject. I thought frequently that I might unveil the awful art by tracing it to magic, and the character of its professor would have given color to the charge. He seldom or never spoke to the crowd, but there was a stern and haughty reserve, that forbade familiarity and inspired the spectators with something akin to fear. To me, however, he was generally kind, but no information would he impart. Inscrutable—dark and obscure, he stood among the crowd, and exercised his power as he pleased.

Meantime my love ran on smoothly and with greater depth and fervor, without those common obstructions, deemed requisite to give its monotonous glory a piquancy and zest. Of course you will imagine that much of our conversation turned on the engrossing subject of magnetism, and she listened fearfully to my comments upon its subtile mysteries.

One evening we determined to visit the magnetizer's together, though I did not remember at the time of forming the engagement, that I had made a professional appointment with a sick friend. I told her the urgency of this visit, and proposed that she should go on to the magnetizer's with her cousin Ernest, where I would meet her in an hour. We parted, and ere that hour had flown away, I had closed the eyes of an old and dear companion—he had died in torture.

Filled with the gloomy impressions from the melancholy scene through which I had just passed, and whose horrid details I will not shock you with repeating, I directed my steps to the room of the magnetizer. The torches were lit along the streets, and the mighty wing of night hung heavily above—a few stragglers passed me, and I hastened on. The cool air in part revived me. I saw the light shining through the tall windows of the exhibition room. It was his gala-night, on which he proposed to exercise to the full the powers that he possessed. The skeptics had dared him to the combat—he was to strike into a trance the body and the soul, and I rushed onward with a feverish anxiety to witness the grand and crowning scene of the sorcerer.

Suddenly I heard the notes of a soft and voluptuous air. It was a mysterious voice that gave it vent. It seemed to arrest the power of respiration, and a faintness overcame me—it was as if the fragrance of Heaven had found a tongue to syllable its sweets. The melody, for it was more than music, came from a darkened part of the magnetizer's house.

I was arrested, and my heart went slowly and sickly down, and burning thoughts, and deep and languishing yearnings of love took possession of me. A dimness was overspreading my eyesight and I could hear no other sound but that bewitching voice—that divinity of solitude, and I saw no object but that dark and solemn house. A numbness seized upon my limbs, and I was fainting, when gradually the air grew fainter and fainter; it appeared to sob, and then all was still as the tomb. The Trance was broken. The sickening, but delicious sensations with which I had been filled, departed, and I bared my forehead to the cold breath of the winds, and proceeded.

Would that I had never waked from that glorious enraptment!—would that I could have been arrested and fixed forever in the world of melody created by that voice!

I entered the Hall of Experiment, but every space was crowded. I climbed to the topmost bench of the amphitheatre to see where Imogen and her cousin were. Several dark looking men, on whose shoulders I placed my impatient feet, glared at me with threatening eyes. I gained at last a position where I could command a view of the entire assembly. I glanced eagerly around among the dense mass for my beloved, but nowhere could I find her. I gnashed my teeth, and the blood went swiftly through my body. At length, in a distant part of the room and near to the magnetizer, I saw them sitting together. Oh God! how beautiful she looked! Her auburn locks were parted on her ample brow, and fell in ringlets on her shoulders; a delicate rose was entwined in her hair. and her cheeks were glowing. Had she too been spelled by that superhuman melody? If she had heard that glorious and voluptuous music, what had been her feelings? A cold shudder smote me through the heart, when I saw her dark-eyed cousin gaze earnestly in her face, and then his eyes fell with an abstracted and vacant air, and he appeared absorbed in thought.—Had he too been poisoned by the intoxicating melody? He was transcendently handsome, and he had a languid look, that is more dangerous to the female heart than all the flashing eyes and eloquent tongues in the world. I could not reach the pair, and terrible emotions crowded to my brain when I reflected upon the effect of that terrible but delicious symphony. I burned with an inward and almost frantic fire, and several times I was upon the eve of screaming aloud at him, when he cast those baneful and languid looks upon her face. I tore my hair in my silent, but tormenting rage, and there I was doomed to witness the exaggerated scene, without the power of making them know that I was watching them like a hungry serpent. I was absorbed in the one vision of the hated cousin and the beloved girl. I saw him speak to her with his mouth close to her ear. What he said was urged vehemently. She smiled timidly. Oh that smile! it dispelled every gloom. She shook her head, but he opened his large—his lustrous and splendid eyes, and gazed reprovingly, and beseechingly into hers, and in a moment an alarmed and dubious expression flitted over her face, and she averted her look. I could have plunged my dagger into his heart, but I trembled and stood still, while a murmur ran through the crowd, and suddenly the *Enigma* stood upon the platform. He was clothed in a full suit of black velvet, and his forehead shone like a star; his hair fell down in long wavy curls, and his face was pale and his eye dim as an ashen corpse—but even in death beautiful. Had he been communing with that melodious being, and was he just from the conference?

A pin might have fallen and been heard among that absorbed and entranced assembly, and for a moment my attention was diverted from Imogen and her cousin Ernest, and directed in concentrated curiosity towards the operator.

There seemed a sound from afar off, like the dying cadence of a harp, but none heard it distinctly, yet all were startled at its mystery, and then all was still as the grave.

I once more turned towards Ernest and Emogen, and she was deadly pale, while he was flushed and his actions were agitated and nervous. Then was renewed within me the hell that I had before felt.

The magnetizer turned his full eyes from the crowd towards the twain—they were sitting near to him, and a sudden change was visible on his face.

In front of him were the skeptics, or philosophers, who had taunted him to this final trial, and every solemnity had been put in requisition to sustain him in his hour of need. I tried to force my way through the crowd. I could have torn them to pieces, but they moved not, and so I was constrained to be a mere spectator of that scene, which taxed every fibre of my heart to bear.

Suddenly the magnetizer waved his hand upwards and gazed upon Imogen. She was not looking at him at that moment, but no sooner had he made the gesture, than with a quick start she turned towards him. I was struck mute with horror and amaze—my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could neither call aloud nor make a sign.

Horrible sight! In a second, like a stroke of lightning the truth flashed across my mind, and I saw that Ernest had staked his hope of success with Imogen upon the magnetic influence of the master.

The gestures were continued, when all at once the powers of speech and motion came back to me, and I shrieked aloud to the dreaded sorcerer to stop. He did not appear to notice my summons, but proceeded. Again I shrieked and swore that I would strike him dead if he did not desist. *Imogen did not hear me!* She sat like a statue hewn out of the solid rock, with her eyes like those of a corpse, and her mouth open. Her cheeks were deadly pale.

I was possessed at that moment with the strength of a giant. I rushed forward—I trampled under foot those whom I overthrew—I swept with my arms a p ssage through that solid mass, and stood by the side of the magician. Ernest sprang to me, and we stood face to face. With a blow I struck h m to the ground, and grappled the archfiend by the throat. When he turned from his pallid and piteous victim upon me, his eyes glared—his hands were clenched together like the talons of a bird of prey, and he uttered in a sepulchral tone my name. "Restore my Imogen," I cried, "or I strike you dead!" He smiled, and I waved my dagger over his head. His eye followed my gesture, and quick as thought, while the crowd were rushing like a dark and giant wave towards us, that godlike voice from the distance, broke upon my ear. My arm dropped—the dagger fell from my grasp—a clammy perspiration oozed from every pore. I reeled from the intensity of intoxicated sensations, and leant against the wall.

The music continued, and with it seemed to come a perfume that filled the whole room. Not a person moved, but all looked on in fearful amazement at the wonderful spectacle.

There sat my beloved, my adored Imogen, as I have described her, with the terrible sorcerer towering proudly and triumphantly over all. The music paused but for a second, and yet that second was a life to me—not a moment to lose, but I darted forward and regaining my dagger, I plunged it into the body of my foe. I seized Imogen by the hand and tried to wake her. To all appearance she was dead—not a word—not a sigh—not a movement even of a muscle. I called aloud to the bleeding Magnetizer to reillume the victim of his art, but he replied not.

He alone could rescue her. He who had darkened her spirit could revive the soul, and give it back to life and love. I knelt by his side—I raised him in my arms—I pointed to Imogen, and begged him to wave his hand once more, and wake her from her ghastly sleep. He smiled bitterly, and shook his head with a ferocious smirk of exultation.

Driven to despair, I dashed him away from me, and cast myself upon my knees before the inanimate body of my betrothed; but I gazed upon the vacant eye, and called to the deafened ear.

While kneeling before her, I heard a scream, and then a confused murmur of alarm, and the next moment I saw the figure of a dark and majestic woman standing above the magnetizer. She stooped and raised his head upon her knee and whispered to his ear. He slowly raised his eyes to Imogen and waved his hand. The eyes of my beloved moved—her lips unclosed—she drew a long breath, and rising from her chair fell into my opened arms. The crowd, held back through fear and superstition, now raised a loud shout of joy, and when I looked round for the strange being who had wrought this sudden change, I saw nothing but a small black pool of blood. The enchanter and the enchantress had left the hall.

Here the manuscript is continued with scientific arguments upon the science of magnetism, which may hereafter be published. At present they are too wild and singular for this age. So prone is the youth of our country to indulge in daring speculation, that I will not feed their morbid appetite by a present disclosure.

From the New England Galaxy.

REMARKABLE TRIAL.

Mr. Keene, manager of a Metropolitan Theatre, was indicted for the murder of Mr. Jones, manager of a rival theatre in the same town. It appeared there had been a violent dispute raging between the two managers for some time. One night Mr. K. suddenly entered among a party of young men at a hotel, and rubbing his hands with joy, exclaimed, 'Well, Mr. Jones has given up the ghost!'

Before another word was said, a man came into the room and announced that Mr. J. had been *murdered*, just without the city. Every eye fell upon Keene. Hard words that had been said by him of the deceased were remembered, and the joyful manner in which he brought the first tidings of his death. He was arrested. It was thought the jury would have agreed on a verdict of *guilty*, but for the examination of the last witness, which put a new gloss upon the whole affair. It was conducted on this wise:

Counsel for Def't.—Do you know the prisoner at the bar?

Witness.—Yes, sir.

Counsel.—Do you know whether any dispute has heretofore existed between the defendant and the deceased?

Witness.—Yes.

Counsel.—Can you say in what the altercation originated?

Witness.—Yes. I had left the theatre under the management of Mr. Keene, and had gone to Mr. Jones. I enacted the ghost in Hamlet. Mr. Keene wanted me to come back to him. I could not do it without offending Mr. Jones—and here arose the quarrel between the two managers. But on the day of Jones' decease, he had consented to give me up, and I saw Mr. Keene in the evening and announced to him the fact. He was much delighted to have carried his point, and said he would hurry over to his companions at the hotel, and tell them that Jones had given up his ghost, and that peace was now restored between them.

The Jury consulted together a few moments and pronounced defendant not guilty.' It was subsequently discovered that the deceased had been killed and robbed by a highwayman called Bob Traverse.

MOTHERS SHOULD LOVE POETRY.

Montgomery in his lectures, while speaking of the influence of poetry, remarks that that species of composition has the advantage of all others, inasmuch as it is the solace and delight of the accomplished of the finer, feebler, and better sex, whose morals, manners and deportment, give tone to society. They are the sisters, the lovers, and the companions of the present, and the mothers and nurses of the future generation. Poetry refines their tastes, purifies their affections, and imbues their minds with lofty thoughts and elevated sentiments.

By communicating the ennobling sentiments they derive from poetry to their companions and co-equals in age, and infusing them into the plastic and tender minds of the young, they exercise an incalculable influence over the destinies of the human race. The author to whom we have alluded mentions the fact that Alfred, King of England, owed much of his greatness to the passion which his mother had for poetry. 'She was more than a mother to him.' The words of his mother taught him, the songs which his mother sang to him were the germs of thought, genius, enterprize, action, every thing to the future father of his country.

We owe to poetry—probably to rude, humble, but fervent, patriotic poetry, all that we owe to Alfred, and all that he owes to his mother. Mothers must themselves be great—their minds must be stored with high and lofty thoughts, and noble and exalted sentiments, in order to make great men of their offsprings. Most great men, who have lived, have had great mothers—great in their sphere of action. No station is more interesting. It is the province of the mother to watch over the dawnings of the immortal mind—to aid its development and to give it that bias which is to color and control its whole future existence.

We know of no spectacle more interesting to the reflecting mind, and none which takes deeper hold of the feelings than a mother qualified for the task, watching the first budding of the human intellect, and training it to maturity.—*Newport Spectator.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A THRILLING SCENE.

"I had never before seen any thing in the shape of a tiger, and was struck dumb with astonishment—not so my poor little Moor boy—he was the son of a famous Shikaree, and I believe he had never seen a tiger any more than myself; he had often heard his father talk of his exploits among the wild beasts of the forest; he knew me to be a Griffin, and his little heart swelled with the proud consciousness of superior knowledge in woodcraft. 'Suppose master please,' said he, drawing himself up and assuming an air of much importance, 'I show Sahib how to kill that tiger; I know very well *burrah Shikar* business.' In my simplicity I looked upon the daring little imp who talked thus confidently of killing a panther, with a degree of respect almost amounting to awe, and without hesitation put myself under his guidance. According to his directions I extracted the shot from my gun, and loaded it with some bullets which I happened to have in my pocket. 'Now then,' exclaimed my young Shikaree as he placed me behind the shelter of a large stone directly in the front of the cave; 'now then, I show Sahib how to make tiger come. Sahib make a tiger eat plenty balls; that proper Shikar business.' So saying, he marched directly up to the entrance of the cave and began to pelt the tiger with stones, abusing him at the same time in choice Hindostanee slang. Sure enough, this did make tiger come with a vengeance. The enraged brute, uttering a shrill roar, darted from the cave, seized the boy by the back of the neck, threw him over his shoulders, and dashed down the hill like a thunderbolt. My blood curdled at the sight, but I indistinctly fired, and I suppose hit the beast, for he instantly dropped the boy, who rolled into a dark ravine at the foot of the hill. The panther having disappeared in a neighboring jungle, I descended into the ravine, to look after poor little Kheder.' There he lay weltering in blood, dreadfully mangled, and evidently in a dying state, but still quite sensible. The gallant little fellow never uttered a complaint, but fixing his large black eyes steadily on my countenance, as if he could there read his fate, asked in a faint tone of voice for some water. I was stooping down to collect some in my hat, when I was startled by a surly growl, and the noise of some animal snuffing amongst the brushwood, which closed over my head and almost excluded the light of day; it was the panther, who had returned. My first impulse was to fly, and leave the boy to his fate. But poor 'Kheder,' seeing my intention, fixed his glassy eyes upon me with an imploring look which cut me to the heart, and made me blush for very shame. Kneeling by his side, I raised his head, wiped the bloody froth from his parched lips, and poured a few drops of water down his throat. 'This appeared to revive him. 'You have not killed the tiger, Sahib,' speaking in Hindostanee; 'I am sorry for that; I should have liked to have sent his skin to my father. But you will tell him, Sahib, that I died like a Shikaree. I was not afraid of the tiger; I never cried out when I felt his teeth crunching through my bones! No! I struck my knife in him twice. See! that is tiger's blood!' and his glaring eyes flashed wildly for a moment as he held up a bloody knife, which he clutched firmly in his right hand. 'Father will be proud to hear this. But my mother will cry very much, and her heart will turn to water when she hears that I am dead.' And here, for the first time, the hot tears began to trickle down his cheeks. For a few minutes he remained motionless, with his eyes closed, and big drops stealing slowly and silently through the long silken eyelashes. But suddenly starting up, with his eyes bursting from their sockets, and gasping painfully for breath, he screamed as if in a fit of delirium, 'The tiger has seized me again! save me Sahib, save me!' cried he in a hoarse voice; 'I feel his teeth in my throat! my breath is stopped! ah! ah!' he gasped like a person drowning—his eyes turned in his head till nothing but the white was visible—his jaws became firmly locked—a cold shudder ran through his limbs, and the gallant little 'Kheder' fell back in my arms a stiffened corpse. I was young then, and unused to death, and that scene has made an impression on my mind which will never be obliterated. All this time the panther continued to pace up and down the edge of the ravine, nearly on a level with my head, growling fearfully, ever and anon poking his snout into the bushes, and snuffing at me as if debating with himself, whether or not he should jump down."

THE IRISHMAN AT VICTORIA.—A little anecdote must be allowed to be recorded of an Irishman, Dan Fitzgibbon, of the grenadiers, who, like many of his countrymen, possessed both courage and humor. He was placed at a bank, which he was to fire over, but on no account to show himself. Poor Dan, not taking this advice, jumped upon this bank every round he fired, to see if he had hit any one. At length a Frenchman shot him through the left hand. It was seen that something had happened, and he was asked what was the matter. Dan, very quietly looking at his bleeding fist, and scratching his hand with the other, said, "I wish I knew who did this."

An old, rich man, in new Orleans, recently married a young girl. In the evening of that and several other days, a gang of three or four hundred young men and boys went round his house playing the most harsh and vexatious music, which greatly annoyed the married couple. He tried to disperse them, but the young rascals demanded, as a condition, a donation of $1000 to the Orphan Boy's Asylum!

A French chemist at Paris, M. Gratnal, announces the discovery of the means, simple and economical, of preserving the human body, by a new process of embalming and *mumicification*, for an indefinite time, the features presenting the expression of sleep only. The expense varies from three hundred to two thousand francs. A company is formed to guarantee the preservation.

Talleyrand was 84 years old on the 2d February. He is in good health, though his lower limbs fail him somewhat. He has seen eighty reigns in France, and taken the oath of allegiance in each: Louis 15 and 16, the Republic, the Consulate, the Empire, Louis 18, Charles 10, and Louis Phillippe, whom he now visits several times a week on affairs of State.

A tailor following an army, was wounded in the head by an arrow. When the surgeon saw the wound, he told his patient that as the weapon had not touched his brain, there was no boubt of his recovery. The tailor said—if I had possessed any brains, I should not have been here.

TO MAKE SIZE OR WHITE WASH OF POTATOES.—The starch of potatoes, quite fresh and washed only once, may be employed to make size, which, mixed with chalk, and diluted in a little water, forms a very beautiful and good white for ceilings. It is durable in whiteness tenacity.